

THEY KILLED KAPITAN KYDD

AT THE ANNUAL HUCKLEBERRY-FLUB-DUB POW-WOW.

Drama and Highballs Were the Staple Attractions, but There Were Other Things to Drink—The Treasure Dug Up—Tribe of Rubberneck Repelled.

The Huckleberry Indians and their hereditary foes, the Flub-Dubs, held their annual pow-wow on Huckleberry Island yesterday. In the early dawn, a launch might have been observed stealing from the New York Athletic Club house at New Rochelle, loaded to the gunwales. This was the cargo.

4 baskets.
5 cases extra dry.
2 cases of old brandy.
25 kegs.
12 cases of Scotch.
10 cases of rum.
20 dozen siphons of seltzer.
500 sandwiches.

Big Chief Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-a-Highball, commissary of the Huckleberry tribe, met them at the landing. He criticized the arrangements severely. He said he didn't see why they needed so many sandwiches.

The members came later in two big launches loaded down with costumes and greasewood and dramatic talent. For the Huckleberrys did the most ambitious stunt of their career. They presented a Huckleberry drama written by Clay M. Greene and entitled "The Kidding of Kapitän Kydd, a Komical Kid for Komical Kidders."

The visiting Flub-Dubs of Larchmont came later in a special piratical craft. Then the club servants drew a cordon around the island to keep out the crowd of rubbernecks, who print things about the Huckleberrys and let many a good wife know why her husband wasn't at church on the day of the big reunion. All day the cordon worked very hard chasing many boys and fishermen from the charmed confines of Huckleberry Island.

When the last Huckleberry had stripped to the buff and plastered red greasepaint all over his shivering form, Chief Gun-Rickey-in-the-Face, grand marshal, called for a highball all around and the revels began. The play was all printed out on the programme and it reads fine, but every now and then there was a big space. This was explained, so that the Huckleberrys could take those programmes home and prove just how innocent these annual pow-wows are.

When the curtain rose there were the Huckleberrys in full war regalia, indulging in airy pirouettes.

"I have no use for any man that drinks," said Rudolph Schaefer, who impersonated the Great Chief Rud-Dee.

"No use for drink, Great Chief," said Medicine Man, who impersonated the Happy Hunting Ground of revel. It makes the foolish wise and wise men merry fools. It makes the foolish wise and wise men merry fools. It makes the foolish wise and wise men merry fools.

This conversation leads up to the subject of serpents and snakes. The Huckleberrys did the most ambitious stunt of their career. They presented a Huckleberry drama written by Clay M. Greene and entitled "The Kidding of Kapitän Kydd, a Komical Kid for Komical Kidders."

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KILLED IN SHAM BATTLE.

Series of Accidents in the Recent German Military Manoeuvres.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Sept. 15.—A despatch to the Express from Lubek describes a series of disasters that occurred at the German military manoeuvres. Two privates were shot in one sham battle and one was killed. More than fifty were unhurt and more or less seriously injured in a cavalry charge.

In another charge a lance was transfixed and killed a hussar. Another hussar was wounded, necessitating the amputation of a leg. A private lost both his legs in an artillery contest at Muhlendorfsch. An officer was severely injured by the explosion of a military balloon, and a corporal was mortally injured by another explosion.

In a cavalry charge at Schoenhause two officers and twenty men were thrown from their horses and injured, some of them fatally. In another charge forty-eight were thrown from their horses. A sergeant was killed in an infantry attack, and a dragon was fatally wounded by a lance. There were similar casualties in other districts.

On the first day of the manoeuvres the Emperor commanded the Reds, or invading force, and won a brilliant victory over the Blues, the defenders. The next day he commanded the Blues and gained a striking and decisive victory over the Reds.

TO DIVORCE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Emperor Francis Joseph's Suggestion to Prince Philip of Coburg.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Sept. 15.—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Vienna says that Emperor Francis Joseph in an interview with Prince Philip of Coburg suggested the desirability of the latter putting a definite end to his unhappy relations with his wife, Princess Louise, who was rescued from a lunatic asylum and eloped with Lieut. Mattiasch.

Dr. Pearson, who was the jailer of Princess Louise in an interview declares that Lieut. Mattiasch had transferred his affections to Mme. Stoecker, the companion of the Princess.

HERBERT BISMARCK DEAD.

Son of the Iron Chancellor Passes Away at Friedrichshagen.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Sept. 15.—Prince Herbert Bismarck, son of the "Iron Chancellor," who suffered for some time with a disease diagnosed by some as cancer, died here at half past 10 o'clock this morning.

Count Herbert, the late Iron Chancellor's eldest son and second child, was born on Dec. 28, 1849. His preliminary studies he made at the Gymnasium of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where he did not particularly distinguish himself. His required year of soldiering he served in the First Dragoon Guards, remaining a private.

In May, 1870, he was mustered into active service in the Franco-Prussian war, and was shot three times when his regiment charged at Metz-la-Forêt.

In 1876 he came to Berlin as Secretary of the Embassy, and in 1878 he was assistant secretary to the German Legation in London. He then served with the German Legation at London and St. Petersburg, and in 1884 was sent as Minister to the Hague.

Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and from 1886 to 1890 he was Secretary of the German Legation in London.

He married in 1892 the Countess Marie von Hoya, a daughter of the late Count von Hoya, and they had three children.

He was a member of the Reichstag, where he and Gen. Moltke became fast friends. He married in 1892 the Countess Marie von Hoya, a daughter of the late Count von Hoya, and they had three children.

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MRS. GEO. THATCHER A SUICIDE

She Made Her Daughter's Room in the Navajo as Nearly Airtight as Possible and Turned the Gas On—A Fatal Result Recently Let Her \$50,000.

Mary T. Thatcher, 45 years old, the wife of George Thatcher, the old time minstrel, killed herself with gas some time yesterday morning in a room in her apartment on the third floor of the Navajo, 16th street and Central Park West.

Mrs. Thatcher had locked herself in her daughter's room, which is a small one with one window facing on an air shaft. The window she had tightly locked, tamping the cracks with a kimono. The keyhole of the door she had plugged up with the contents of a small work basket.

After the door was locked, she had laid pillows against the bottom of the door. Thatcher, who left the minstrel field several years ago to take up the legitimate, is in the West playing in a No. 2 company presenting George Ade's "County Chairman." He left Denver on Saturday night for Kansas City, where the show is to open to-night.

Although several messages were sent to him to come home, he did not do so. It was thought that he was on a train between the two cities.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Joseph K. Parker, a young man living in Somerville, N. Y., came to the house. He has been calling on Mrs. Thatcher's twenty-year-old daughter Mary. The two had planned to spend the day with friends in the city.

As they entered the house Mrs. Thatcher called to them: "Be sure and get home at half-past 8."

At 8:30 o'clock last night the young couple called gas. Policeman Farrell, who was called in, opened the window and the flat and finally broke open the door leading to Miss Thatcher's room. The mother was found dead on the bed. Gas was seeping from two jets. Mrs. Thatcher was in her nightgown. She had been dead more than four hours.

"Mama has been here herself for some time," said the daughter last night, and none of us has been able to cheer her up. She has been suffering from some nervous affliction and was under the care of a specialist. Only last Thursday she suddenly turned to me and said:

"Mary, if anything happens to me, you will find \$10 in the bureau drawer and where I deposit my safe deposit vault, where my will and jewelry are kept."

"Nothing but insanity can explain it," said young Parker. Mrs. Thatcher was said to be \$50,000 rich. She and Mr. Thatcher were greatly attached to one another.

Mrs. Thatcher had been very anxious for his wife to join him in the West, and I was to help her pack up to-morrow. She had arranged for her daughter's board in one of the dormitories near Barclay street.

In the morning Mrs. Thatcher was petting a pug dog. The dog was missing last night.

CASTRO'S ASPHALT ARRIVES.

If It Is His—General Asphalt Co. Claims It—State Department Involved.

The Earn Line steamship Kennett with a cargo of asphalt from Bermudez Lake, Venezuela, arrived here yesterday morning, and anchored in the upper bay. An interesting legal controversy is anticipated as a result of this ship's arrival. The cargo is the first quantity of asphalt to reach this country since the Castro government in Venezuela took possession of the petroleum resources of the country.

It is said that the asphalt is being sent here to be sold for Castro. The officials of the General Asphalt Company hold that the cargo is stolen property and through their lawyers are demanding that the State Department at Washington.

The Castro government had a receiver appointed for the New York and Bermudez companies on the ground that the agreement under which the Government had granted the asphalt concessions had been violated. The Castro claim was upheld in the Venezuelan courts and it is thought that the President Castro is anxious to ascertain just what the United States courts will do in the matter. According to parties interested in the affair the Kennett will be loaded up and sent here for that sole purpose.

It is supposed here that some process against the asphalt will be taken in the courts here to-day. The cargo of asphalt of counsel for the General Asphalt Company said last night that as the matter had been referred to the State Department, he could not discuss it.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Officials of the State Department said to-night that no official information had been received from the Venezuelan Government. The state department, however, said that the matter is claimed by the General Asphalt Company, owner of the New York and Bermudez Company, the matter is one for the courts.

The State Department has, of course, no diplomatic functions in the United States, and while Solicitor Penfield of the Department is the acting secretary of the State, he is not a lawyer and is not qualified to give legal advice.

It is believed that the matter will be referred to the State Department, and that the State Department will be asked to take action against the asphalt.

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WARM IN THE CORN BELT.

No Indication of Damage to the Crop by Frost This Week.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Fears of damage by frost in the corn belt have almost vanished, and as every day of good weather passes, maturing acre upon acre, it reduces the amount of the crop susceptible to injury and the price of that cereal drops accordingly.

No serious damage was done to the crop last week by frost and the present prospects are that none will be done. There is likely to be a few days of stormy weather, but the equinoctial is at hand and there is always unsettled weather at this time.

With no serious damage to the crop, the trade is looking to see the large lines liquidated at lower prices.

Western interests have sold the corn to Eastern speculators, and they are in a position where they will have to buy more to prevent a sharp decline. From various places in the West the reports are that the weather here to-night telling of fine weather prevailing, clear and warmer. Showers and cooler weather are predicted for to-night, but there are no indications of frost.

MUTILATED PAST RECOGNITION.

Flanagan's Own Brother, Seeing Him After a Car Accident, Didn't Know Him.

A John Flanagan of 744 Ninth avenue, standing at Sixty-second street and Central Park West at 10 o'clock last night waiting for a north-bound Eighth avenue car. He lost his balance, fell in front of it and was dragged twenty feet before James Hughes, the motorman, could stop the car.

Flanagan's face was so cut that his brother, Patrick, who was in the car, did not recognize him. The brother, with others of the passengers, helped to make Flanagan comfortable until a Roosevelt Hospital ambulance arrived. The brother's name was taken as a witness and he left. An hour afterward he was told at home that the injured man was.

Flanagan was so badly hurt that he will die, the doctors at Roosevelt Hospital said. He has internal injuries and possibly a fractured skull.

COPS GOT SAME AUTO TWICE.

With a Tammany Leader Aboard the Second Time and Apologies.

Emil Rosot, driving an automobile occupied by two women and another man, passed the West 125th street station at 10 o'clock last night going twenty miles an hour. Bicycle Policeman Ennis, who discarded his wheel for a motorcycle some time ago, set sail for the Frenchman. He caught him at 14th street and Riverside Drive.

Rosot was taken back to the West 125th street station and locked up.

"If you cops are going to stop things," said Rosot, eyeing the motorcycle, "you will do more to stop driving than all the laws in the State."

After Rosot had been locked up the other man climbed into the machine and went in search of bail. He found Water Commissioner and Tammany leader J. J. Dalton at the Hotel York, Thirty-fifth street and Seventh avenue.

Dalton jumped into the auto and the auto sped back to the West 125th street station. Rosot, eyeing the motorcycle, "you will do more to stop driving than all the laws in the State."

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ONE MAN FIGHTS BACK PANIC.

Two Jewish Congregations in Joint Fire Scare.

Three thousand Hebrews were crowded into two meeting rooms at Progress Hall, 28 and 30 Avenue A, last evening, in two congregations assembled to celebrate the beginning of the Week of Atonement.

In the main hall on the second floor, the Jewish People's Temple, while in the annex on the ground floor were a thousand of the Samburgers.

According to Aaron Schwartz, son of Aaron Schwartz, the proprietor of the place, two youths near the entrance of the lower hall got into an altercation and some person on the street shouted "Fire!" The cry was taken up and in the upper hall was mistaken for the cry of "Fire!" There was a rush for the doors and fire escapes.

Detective Joseph Wasserman was passing on his way from dinner when he saw the crowd fighting its way downstairs and caught sight of two women apparently about to drop off the fire escape. He climbed up to them just in time to prevent their jumping and got them off the fire escape.

The stairway was jammed, the stronger men pinned their shields on his lapel and fought his way up the stairs to the door, shouting that there was no fire and threatening all manner of violence to those who did not stand still immediately. He could not stop the stampede, but he checked it.

Somebody had turned in a fire alarm and the engines were arriving. There had been eleven fires in the East side district south of the street within an hour and some of the fire apparatus had to come a considerable distance. The belated arrival of every company started a fresh stampede.

The cry of "No fire" which Wasserman and his aids were raising was false, and there was a renewed effort to crowd out of the building.

Wasserman after it was over showed that he had been in a fight. His hat was crushed, his clothing disarranged and his collar was torn. As Aaron Schwartz and Edelman kept a hotel at 81 Avenue A, directly across the street, said they were going to write to Commissioner McAdoo to-day.

The possibilities of the loss of life that I saw at the beginning of the panic appealed to me strongly, for I lost four members of my family in the fire at the Hotel York.

Schwartz did not know Wasserman. He said that he followed in a gray suit a peach.

The congregation in the lower hall resumed its services after the excitement, but that which had been in the upper hall did not return.

Fifteen hundred Jews were jammed together on two floors of the hall at 112 Cannon street last night when another panic broke out. There was a rush for exits and several were hurt by being trampled on. Rescuers from the United Market police station were there when the panic broke out and they stopped the rush with their clubs.

Herman Feit of 112 Ridge street was arrested, charged with being the one who cried "Fire."

Little Esther Greenman, who lived on the first floor at 63 Cannon street, went up to the second floor to play with her friends, and fell from the fire escape. Thirty-eight families heard her scream or saw her lying unconscious in the court.

The cry of "fire" was raised and the crowd grabbed their babies and rushed out on the fire escapes screaming for help. Neighboring tenements emptied themselves into the street and filled it up. The fire companies arrived almost simultaneously with the police reserves. The police had plenty to do but in the firemen's office. The little child died in a doctor's office across the street.

FRENCH CRUISER HERE.

To Be Joined in a Week by Rear Admiral Rivet's Flagship.

The steel, twin screw, third class French cruiser Trousse, which has been recently on duty on the French fishing grounds of Newfoundland, arrived yesterday from Cape Breton. She is in charge of Commander Aubrey and